Scæna 3. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and ſome Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.*

Emil. Ile no ſtep further.

Per. Will you looſe this ſight?

Emil. I had rather ſee a wren hawke at a fly
Then this deciſion ev'ry; blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each ſtroake laments
The place whereon it fals, and ſounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will ſtay here,
It is enough my hearing ſhall be puniſhd,
With what ſhall happen, gainſt the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread ſights, it may ſhun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Siſter will no further.

Theſ. Oh ſhe muſt.
She ſhall ſee deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which ſometime ſhow well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both ſeald with eye, and eare; you muſt be preſent,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garlond
To crowne the Queſtions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'ld winke

Theſ. You muſt be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely ſtar to ſhine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which ſhowes
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horrour, who do's ſtand accurſt
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By caſting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her ſelfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off wherto ſhe's guilty.

Hip. You muſt goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Theſ.

Theſ. Why the knights muſ
Their valour at your eye: know
You are the Treaſure, and muſt
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may b
Out of it ſelfe.

Theſ. Well, well then, at you
Thoſe that remaine with you, c
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Siſter,
I am like to know your husban
By ſome ſmall ſtart of time, he
Doe of the two know beſt, I p
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theſeus

Emil. *Arcite* is gently viſa
Is like an Engyn bent, or a ſhar
In a ſoft ſheath; mercy, and ma
Are bedfellowes in his viſage:
Has a moſt menacing aſpect, hi
Is grav'd, and ſeemes to bury
Yet ſometime tis not ſo, but alt
The quallity of his thoughts;
Will dwell upon his object. M
Becomes him nobly; So do's
But *Palamons* ſadnes is a kinde
So mingled, as if mirth did ma
And ſadnes, merry; thoſe darke
Sticke misbecomingly on othe
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trom

Harke how yon ſpurs to ſpirit
The Princes to their proofe,
And yet may *Palamon* wound
The ſpoyling of his figure. O
Enough for ſuch a chance; if
I might doe hurt, for they wo

M

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